



*Emb. 49.*

**T**His Infant and this Truss of Hay,  
 When Moralliz'd do seem to say,  
 All Flesh is but as morning Grass,  
 Both green and withered e're day pass,  
 And such we find it, for behold,  
 As soon as Born Man waxeth old.  
 In sorrows, or necessities,  
 He withers hourly till he dies.



*Emb. 49.*

**T**His Infant and this Truss of Hay,  
 When Moralliz'd do seem to say,  
 All Flesh is but as morning Grass,  
 Both green and withered e're day pass,  
 And such we find it, for behold,  
 As soon as Born Man waxeth old.  
 In sorrows, or necessities,  
 He withers hourly till he dies.



THE  
**VANITY**  
OF THE  
Life of Man.

Represented in the Seven several Stages  
thereof, from his Birth to his Death.  
With Pictures and Poems exposing the  
Follies of every Age.

To which is added,  
Several other Poems upon divers Sub-  
jects and Occasions.

---

By R. B.

---

*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life  
been, Gen. 47. 9.*

*The days of our years are threescore years and ten,  
and if by reason of strength they be fourscore  
years, yet is their strength, labour and sorrow,  
for it is soon cut off, and we fly away, Psalm  
90. 10.*

---

Licensed and Entred.

---

LONDON, Printed for Nath. Crouch at the  
Bell in the Poultry near Cheapside. 1688.



X.  
The First Stage of Mans Life  
*From Infancy to Ten years*



**T**HE Ancients well advis'd,  
That Man himself should know,  
That so all proud ambitious thoughts  
He might thereby ore'throw.

A 3

Consider

Consider then O man

How vain a thing thou art ;  
How out of nothing thou wert made.  
Oh ! lay it well to heart.

So soon as we are born

Then presently we cry,  
As if we knew we came into  
A World of misery.

Our life's a Tragedy

And the most secret room,  
Wherein we do attire our selves  
Is in our Mothers Womb.

Our Infancy in sleep

And eating we consume.  
From Beasts we little differ then,  
Yet O how we presume

To boast of Parentage

And treat the poor with scorn,  
Though our condition was at first  
Thus wretched and forlorn.

No sooner are we set

Upon this Earthly stage,  
But we are subject unto storms  
And winds impetuous rage.



No sooner we arrive  
Upon this evil ground,  
Into this Soul afflicting World  
But dangers us surround.

Our Infant Innocence  
Nor yet our Childlish Tears,  
Can't us excuse; but we are still  
Our Parents fears and cares.

Sorrow with her full mouth  
Salutes our painful birth,  
And oft times puts out all our joys  
And puffs out all our mirth.

The smiling Flower springs  
And gloriously grows.  
Untoucht with any troubles, for  
It neither spins nor sows.

Our tedious life is not  
So happy as this Flower,  
Our Infancy as full of grief,  
Though finisht in an hour.

And as our days increase  
Folly doth us betray,  
We wast our time in vanity  
In wantonness and play.

4      *The First Stage of Mans Life.*

And thus a ten years breath  
We foolishly mis-spend,  
Before we know what 'tis to live  
Or Death do apprehend.

Our Childish Dreams are fill'd  
With empty painted Joys,  
Which please our sleepy sense a while  
But waking prove mere toys.

How wretched is poor man  
In such a state as this,  
How much a slave to vanity,  
How far from real bliss?

His longest days are short  
And few when they are most.  
When they are best they are but bad,  
And yet even these are lost.

Yet thus far we are Lambs,  
Spotless and Innocent,  
Of those Great Crimes which at the last  
Cause endless punishment.

This then is Mans first Age  
Which yet is full of trouble,  
'Tis empty, vain, uncertain, short,  
And proves Mankind a bubble.

XX.  
The Second Stage of Mans Life  
*From Ten years to Twenty.*

51



**O**UR first Age thus past o're  
To Twenty we arrive,  
And then with other follies we  
To please our selves contrive.

A 5

This

This stage seems wondrous brave,  
The way's all strow'd with Flow'rs  
And time being spent in pleasant sports,  
The days appear but hours.

The will had hitherto  
No other Guide but sense,  
Reason the eyes now openeth  
And doth its rays dispence.

His heart is now puffed up  
He scorns the Tutors hand ;  
He hates to meet the least controll  
And glories to command.

He takes no care nor thought  
Of misery or Bliss,  
Though all he thereby purchaseth  
Only Repentance is.

Griefs do not him annoy,  
Doubts never him perplex,  
Fear never curbs his appetite,  
Troubles him never vex.

He's like a dainty morn,  
And happily he may,  
If Lust and Pride overcome him not,  
Prove a resplendent day.

He's



He's like the toilsom Bee,  
Running from flower to flower,  
Seeking to find out full Content,  
Pleasures do him devour.

He cryes, *Young man rejoice*  
*Now in thy youthful days,*  
*Let thy Heart chear thee ; Now resolve*  
*To walk in thy own ways.*

*Now please thy Hearts desire,*  
*Carve where thou likest best,*  
*Delight thine eyes with what thou wilt,*  
*And be a joyfull Guest.*

But yet young man remember  
The day will come whereon  
The righteous Judg will sentence thee.  
For th' ill deeds thou hast done.

O what a Feast is this,  
Ah ! what a reckoning here,  
The Dainties they are sweet indeed,  
Ah ! but the price is dear.

Which if thou canst not pay  
Thou then must to that Jayl,  
Whence thou canst never be redeem'd  
But by thy Saviours Bayl.

'Tis

§ *The Second Stage of Mans Life.*

'Tis only he must do't,  
For thou can't never get,  
Money to pay so vast a score  
Nor can't work out the debt.

Thou canst not dig ; Thy Limbs,  
Though strong, are herein lame  
But thou canst beg ; O therefore beg  
Although it be with shame.

O beg the grace of God,  
And though you do receive  
Repulse at first, yet don't give o're,  
Go on in Faith to crave.

Cry, *Lord if youthful Lusts*  
*Do give such Treats as these !*  
O Let me rather *Famine have,*  
*These feed but my disease.*

*Curb thou my vain desires,*  
*My boistrous will controll ;*  
*Arm me against those enemies*  
*That War against my Soul.*

This is Mans second stage,  
A dangerous time it is,  
Wherein its hard to walk upright,  
Easy to go amiss.

The Third Stage of Mans Life  
*From Twenty to Thirty years.*



**V**hen Man's to Thirty come,  
 His Emblem is a Goat,  
 Which unto carnal Love inclin'd  
 And Lust, doth him denote.

A Peacock and a Horse  
Untam'd, he was before,  
And yet he is not serious  
But folly doth adore.

He cries, *Ple still go on,*  
*Let who will count me vain :*  
*If I these happy days neglect,*  
*They'l never come again.*

*Nothing but Joy and Mirth,*  
*And sweet delights appear,*  
*Methinks I represent the Spring,*  
*The best time of the year.*

*Ple wallow in all pleasure,*  
*For I am in my prime,*  
*And I in Merriment and Play*  
*Resolve to spend my time.*

*Let every man his mind*  
*And own desire fulfil,*  
*My Lust Ple fully satisfy*  
*And take thereof my fill.*

*I am resolv'd to search*  
*Ev'n the whole World about,*  
*And of all Earths Variety*  
*To suck the sweetness out.*

*Thus*



Thus will I make my life  
Though short, yet sweet to me,  
Whilst others whom I value not  
Have Woe and Misery.

No Stone I'll leave unturn'd  
I any where can find,  
Which may produce content and joy  
Unto my craving mind.

No sorrow whilst I live  
Shall ever me come near,  
Nor shall the Priests with all their their  
Ever cause me to fear. (threats)

Ab, Hab, what state of life  
Can equal this of mine,  
Wherein the gallantry of youth  
So gloriously doth shine.

Like tinder thus his heart  
Is apt to entertain  
The Sparks of Love and Furious Lust,  
Nothing can him restrain.

There's nothing can withstand  
The rage of his desire,  
His wanton Flames are now blown up,  
His mind is all on Fire.

12    *The Third Stage of Mans Life.*

Do wast thy Inch, vain youth,  
Thou Span of living earth,  
Consume and spend thy Golden days  
In Vanity and Mirth.

But still do not forget  
Thy Stock of Time decays,  
Thy lavishness foretels a dearth,  
Time will not last always.

The Bird which left its Cage,  
May yet return at last,  
And painful labour may at length  
Repair what's spent in wast.

But precious time no pains  
Nor cost can ere recal,  
When once 'tis gone, it nere returns  
How loud so ere we call.

God doth not thee allow  
To live in sin one day,  
But still declares, that nothing is  
More dangerous than delay.

Mind thy Salvation then  
Ev'n in this very hour,  
And what thy hand findeth to do,  
Do it with all thy power.

The Fourth Stage of Mans Life  
*From Thirty to Forty years.*



**A** Las we have no rest,  
Our time doth always fly,  
From one stage to the next we go,  
We have no certainty.

No

No rein can curb our hours,  
They pass we know not how,  
Our present *Now* passeth away  
Before we can say *Now*.

Time past is none of ours,  
The future hath no being,  
How very short then are our days,  
Continually flying?

The Post of swift foot time,  
Hath now at length begun ;  
The Calends of our middle Age,  
Our blossoms they are gone.

The steps already past  
Do plainly to us show  
The number of those steps behind,  
Which we are yet to go.

Alas what cause have we  
So foolishly to boast,  
We have already liv'd so long  
Since all that time is lost.

No sooner doth the heat  
Of Youth and Lust decline,  
But in this next Age, to Excess  
And Luxury some incline.



In Martial Exploits  
And Battels some delight,  
And Lyons seem to represent  
Who furiously fight,

He the sad chance of War  
In bloody Characters,  
Sees often writ, though all he gets  
Is only glorious Scars.

He Rivers some times sees  
With crimson Torrents rise,  
The Conquerors proclaim their Joys,  
The Conquer'd raise their cries.

Sees others bravely bold  
Maintain a gallant fight,  
And rather chuse a noble death  
Than Ignominious flight.

Many a vanquisht wretch,  
He sees upon his knee,  
Who trembling begs for life from his  
Inraged enraged enemy.

Sad fights they are indeed,  
But he that War will court,  
Must steel his heart against all fears,  
And count all Dangers sport.

He

16 *The Fourth Stage of Mans Life.*

He now is prancing on  
Being in the lusty noon  
Of his full Age ; Take heed O Man  
Thou dost not boast to soon.

Convert thy breath to wail  
Thy short unconstant state.  
Take heed thou dost not brag too soon  
Lest thou repent too late.

Thy midnight glory lies  
Betwixt th' extreams of night,  
A Glory which is foil'd with shame  
And fool'd with false delight.

The middle Age th' hast clim'd  
Of thy uncertain days,  
Look backward now and ponder well  
The errors of thy ways.

The frailty of thy youth,  
Thy Childhoods vanity,  
And all the precious time that thou  
Didst wast in Infancy.

Look forward and repent  
Of all thy errors past,  
That so thereby thou mayst attain  
True happiness at last.

The Fifth Stage of Mans Life  
*From Forty to Fifty years.*



**A**T Fifty years we are  
 Like the declining Sun;  
 For now his better half of life  
 Man seemeth to have run.

The

The Fox his Emblem is,  
 For when his strength doth fail,  
 He then endeavours and contrives  
 By Policy to prevail.

Men now Ambitious grow  
 To Honour they aspire,  
 And to be counted Great and Wise  
 They earnestly desire.

Yet Honour's but a blast  
 'Tis all but Vanity,  
 Their Grandeur can't them save, they  
 Like other Mortals dye. (must)

Kingdoms we see, and Crowns  
 Do often tottering stand,  
 By sudden turns the Servant doth  
 His Sovereign command.

Where's *Nimrod* that Great Prince,  
 That mighty man of old?  
 Where's the Grand *Nebuchadnezzar*  
 That glorious head of Gold?

*Belshazzar* in great Pomp  
 Did sit upon his Throne,  
 Yet in the space of one short night  
 His glory all was gone.

The

These famous Monarchs now  
Are mouldred quite away,  
Who when on Earth did with much dread  
The Golden Scepter sway.

Thus Man that is in Honour  
Continues but a space,  
And often-times dyes like a Beast,  
So ends his name and race.

Great Men are oft-times fill'd  
With vexing care and fear;  
Affairs are so intricate  
They know not how to steer.

Even in the highest place  
Of Human Government,  
There ne'r was any man, yet found  
Solid and True Consent.

That mighty Conqueror  
The Famous *Alexander*,  
That valiant and renowned Prince  
That Excellent Commander.

Though he the Eastern World  
Subdu'd, yet grieved sore,  
That having one World conquered  
There did remain no more.

There's



20     *The Fifth Stage of Mans Life.*

There's nothing in the Earth  
We ever can descry,  
But it will soon grow troublesome  
And never satisfy.

Therefore, O Man, while Heaven  
Doth terms of peace afford,  
Subject thy Soul unto Gods Law  
Before he draw his Sword.

For if to anger once  
Th' Almighty you provoke,  
He easily can you destroy  
With his revenging stroke.

Who can before his wrath  
And Indignation stand ?  
Who's able to endure the weight  
Of his avenging hand?

Who can with him contend  
Or War 'gainst him maintain  
Or who dares say, The King of Kings  
Over him shall not reign ?

Deny him not his right  
But let him bear the sway,  
Wouldst thou gain peace unto thy Soul  
Thy Saviour then obey.

The sixth Stage of Mans Life,  
*From Fifty to Sixty.*



O UR wasted Taper now  
 Begins to lose its light,  
 ur sparkling flames plainly decay  
 'Tis growing toward night.

B

That

That slender inch of Life  
Which yet unspent remains,  
Little delight to us affords,  
But usually great pains.

In silent Language Time  
Seems to exhort her Guest,  
That he prepare his weary Limbs  
To take Eternal rest.

Yet some men are so vain  
They anxiously contrive,  
Like greedy Wolves to gain the World  
Although but half alive.

Remember Foolish Man  
Riches are empty things,  
And when we think them safe they fly  
Away with Eagles Wings.

When Riches thou dost heap  
Thou dost but heap up sorrow,  
Though they are thine to day ! alas  
They may be gone to morrow.

Some dreadful Conflagration  
May all thy Treasures burn,  
And in a moment all thy Joys  
May into ashes turn.

That man which thousands had  
Ev'n but the night before,  
E're the next mornings Sun, has been  
Like *Job* forlorn and poor.

Riches the Soul of man  
Can never satisfy,  
That noble and immortal part  
Which in thy breast doth lye.

For still the more thou hast  
More thou'lt desire still,  
Since the whole World's not large enough  
Thy precious Soul to fill.

Of Silver and of Gold  
Though ne're so much thou gain  
If thou thy Soul lose, they'l increase  
Thy misery and pain.

Thus all is vanity  
We meet with here below,  
The truth of which, Experience  
Doth dayly to us show.

Alas 'Tis now high time  
Thou other thoughts should'st have  
Instead of filling Chests with Coin  
Think ; *Thou must fill a Grave.*

Old Time has strow'd gray hairs  
Upon thy hoary head,  
Declaring that thy day is past,  
Thou must prepare for bed.

Gray Hairs are Honourable  
If found in Virtues ways,  
But if an old man prove a Child  
His Age he doth dispraise.

Thrice happy he whose life  
From vice hath been so free,  
He neither is asham'd to live  
Nor yet afraid to dye.

That ere with Age, his strength  
Is utterly decayd,  
Is from this fading perishing World  
By timely Death conveyd.

Look then O Soul to Heaven,  
Seek there for Higher Joys,  
And leave this earthly husks to Swine,  
To Fools these empty Toys.

If once thou dost but tast  
Of those Celestial springs,  
All Worldly Glory thou wilt flight  
And count them trifling things.



The seventh and last Stage of Mans Life  
*From Sixty to Threescore and Ten.*



**A**T length this little World  
 Of animated Clay,  
 Whom all the Earth doth magnify,  
 And all her Hosts obey.

The Chief of Natures Pride,  
And Glorified by Art,  
Who unto Heaven is near of kin.  
By his Diviner part.

Though he triumph a while,  
Yet droops and then decays,  
At length by Age he's worn out,  
Death cancels all his days.

Although his active power  
Commanded Sea and Land,  
And like a lofty Castle he  
Upon an Hill did stand.

His weak foundation now  
Fails of its wonted trust,  
Sinking and tottering it lays  
His ruins in the dust.

Alas poor bed-rid Man  
Where is thy glory now ?  
Thy youth of which thou once didst boast,  
And thy Majestick brow.  
Down to thy Mother Earth  
Thou now beginst to bend,  
To shew that whence thou first didst come  
There thou must surely end.

Three

Three feet thou now dost use  
But streight thou wilt use four,  
And being again to Childhood brought  
Must crawl upon the Floor.

To its first Principle  
All must at length resolve,  
So Man that was of nothing made  
To nothing must devolve.

Dote not, O Mortal then,  
On Honour, or on Treasure,  
Set not thy Heart on Learning, nor  
On Beauty, Youth nor pleasure.

These all at length will perish  
And utterly decay,  
They'l bring no comfort in old Age  
Nor in a dying day.

We now begin to think  
Of what we did before,  
And those crimes which we counted small  
Their guilt begins to roar.

Sure now or never then  
'Tis time to make our peace  
With Heaven ; Since we so suddenly  
From all our works must cease.

Thus Man that's born of Woman,  
Can in this world remain  
But little time ; Yet all his days  
Are full of grief and pain.

Springs like a flower to day  
And vanissheth to morrow,  
His life is but a penance, and  
His death is nought but sorrow.

His breath is but a bubble,  
H's days are but a span,  
It is but glorious misery  
Thus to be born a Man.

*By Davids rule his Age  
Is threescore Years and Ten,  
If he attain to fourscore,  
His days are grief and pain.*

At ninety years, of God  
He pardon ought to crave,  
He at an hundred his bed  
Must make in the cold grave.

Frail man prepare to dye,  
Repent ; Thy glass is run,  
*Mercy, Ab Mercy Father, cry,  
Receive thy Penitent Son.*

*Conclusion*

## *Conclusion.*

**A** Thousand years with God  
 The Holy Scriptures say,  
 Is but a very little time  
 And reckon'd as a day.

By which Divine account  
 This measur'd life of our,  
 Is of a short continuance  
 Exceeding not an hour.

Nature one half thereof  
 For her own use doth keep,  
 She claims it as her lawful debt,  
 And due, to spend in sleep.

Another full sixth part  
 Of what remains, in Riot  
 We do consume, in eating and  
 Unnecessary Diet.

Our tender Infancy  
 And Childhood, yea the most  
 Of our green and ungovern'd youth.  
 Is usually lost.



The little that is left  
We commonly divide,  
In making and providing Cloths  
To elevate our pride.

Another share we give  
To Trifles and to Toys,  
Or lavishly debauch our selves  
With vain and empty Joys.

Now then, if at the most  
The measur'd Life of man  
Is in so little compass, that  
It's counted but a span.

Being thus cut in halves,  
And into quarters thus,  
And then again dis-quartered,  
*Lord what remains for us?*

If then the Total of our days  
Is of such brevity,  
And if our share's so very small,  
*Lord what remains to thee?*

V E R S E S

# VERSES

Upon several

Subjects and Occasions.

Containing

The History of the cruel Death of *Cassianus* Bishop and School-master of *Brixia* (or *Brescia*) in *Italy*, who suffered Martyrdom for the Profession of the Christian Faith by the hands of his own Scholars, in the Bloody Reign of *Dioctlesian* an Heathen Emperor of *Rome*.

Written in Latin Verse by the Learned *Prudentius*, and Translated into English some years since.

With divers other Poems:

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *Nath. Crouch*, 1688.

---

*The History of the cruel Martyrdom of  
Cassianus Bishop and School-master  
of Brescia, &c.*



**T**hrough *Forum* as in *Italy*  
I passed once to *Rome*,  
Into a Church by chance came I  
And stood hard by a Tomb.

Which

Which Church sometime a place had been  
Where Causes great in Law  
Were scan'd and try'd, and judgment given  
To keep brute men in awe.

This place *Sylla Cornelius*  
First built; he rais'd the frame,  
And call'd the same *Forum*, and thus  
The City got that name.

In prayer fervent as I stood  
Casting mine eye aside,  
A Picture all imbrued in Bloud  
By chance I there espied.

A thousand wounds and gashes sad,  
All mangled, scratch'd and torn,  
The skin appear'd as though it had  
Been jagg'd and rent with Thorn.

A crew of pictured Boys did stand  
About this woful sight,  
Who with their sharpned Gads had brought  
Him to this dreadful plight.

These Gads were but the Pens wherewith  
Their Tables written were,  
And such as Scholars oftentimes  
Unto the Schools do bear.

*Whom*

Whom thou seest here thus pictur'd sit,  
And plainly dost behold,  
No Fable is I thee assure,  
Unaskt, a Bishop told.

Who walkt thereby, and did declare  
This History of one  
That for the Faith of Jesus Christ  
Thus suffered long ago.

A skilful School-master he was,  
That sometimes here did teach,  
And Bishop too of *Brixia*,  
Whom Christ did plainly preach.

He had the Art to comprehend  
Much matter in few lines,  
Accommodating his discourse  
To Persons and to Times.

His Precepts sharp, and his stern looks  
His beardless Boys did fear,  
And 'cause he kept them to their Books  
Much malice did him bear.

For Children usually think  
Their School-masters unkind,  
No Discipline in youth seems sweet,  
To Folly they incline.



The Heathen at this time did rage  
Against the Christian Name,  
And to the Saviour of the World  
Defiance they Proclaim.

This Faithful School-master then did  
The living God adore,  
For which he is accus'd and brought  
Before the Governour.

Who in a rage cries out, *Go take*  
*This Traytor streight away,*  
*Deliver him to his own Boys*  
*That they torment him may.*

*Let him be given to them all,*  
*And let them act their will,*  
*In torturing him as they think fit,*  
*So that they do him kill.*

*Let them scoff at him as they list,*  
*And him deride so long,*  
*Till from meer weariness their sport*  
*They can no more prolong.*

*Let them I say without controul*  
*Both rend and tear his Skin,*  
*To bathe their hands let them be bold*  
*In the hot Bloud of him.*

The

The Scholars hereat much rejoyce,  
And with alacrity  
Resolve, he their revenge shall feel  
For his severity.

They bind his hands behind his back,  
And they him naked strip;  
With Bodkins him they pierce and wound,  
And laugh to see him skip.

The private malice each one hath  
Within his heart appears,  
In fury now they pour it forth;  
They value not his tears.

Some throw great stones, and others break  
Their Tables on his face,  
And cry, *There's Latin now and Greek,*  
Like Boys devoid of Grace.

From all parts with much violence  
The Bloud doth streaming flow,  
Whereby his torments still increase,  
And more afflicting grow.

Sometimes they pierce, sometimes they rent  
This worthy Martyrs Flesh,  
And thus by turns they do torment  
This Confessor afresh.

Now

Now all with one consent on him,  
Their murdering hands they lay,  
To see the Bloud from limb to limb  
Drop down, they make a Play.

More painful was the feeble hate  
Of Children oft and thick,  
Than of the greater Boys, whose wounds  
Nearer his Heart did strike.

For by the feeble strokes of one  
His Constancy was tryed,  
Which to his torment added much,  
Yet Death to him denied.

The deeper wounds the Great Ones gave,  
And nearer toucht the quick,  
The welcomer he thought the same  
Whom lingring Death made sick.

*God make you strong ( he cries ) I pray  
God give you might at will,  
That what you want in power, you may  
In cruelty fulfil.*

*For whilst you in barbarity  
The Hangman over-match,  
Though you have will, yet strength you want  
My life quite to dispatch.*

My

My griefs wax great; what groanest thou?

Said some to him again,

O now remember how at School

Thou mad'st us suffer pain.

But we will pay thee, and make good

Thy many thousand stripes,

When we with weeping eyes oft stood

In danger of thy gripes.

Art thou now angry at our haste

That always cryedst write, write,

And scarce a minute wouldst allow

For pleasure and delight.

We had forgot our playing times

Thou Churl deniedst us of,

We only now do point our lines,

And thus they jeer and scoff.

Correct good Sir our faulty verse

If ought amiss there be,

And if thou canst, to us rehearse

Who has not pointed thee.

Christ pittying this groaning man

With torments torn and tir'd,

Commands his heart to break, and so

He instantly expir'd.

His

His Soul to God return'd again.  
Who to him did it give,  
A Mortal life he left that he  
In Heaven might ever live.

This is the Picture now, said he,  
That thou dost here behold,  
Of *Cassianus* that blest Soul  
Whose Story I have told.

If now thou any pity hast  
Oh do not it conceal,  
But to his memory shed a tear  
To shew thy pious Zeal.

I could not but consent to weep,  
And did imbrace his Tomb,  
And this Memorial of him writ  
When I returned home.

To serve as a Remembrance  
For ever to endure,  
Of *Cassianus* School-master  
All others to allure.

To constancy under the Cross  
Of their Profession,  
And count all losses gain that they  
Shall suffer thereupon.



---

*A Spiritual Hymn or Song made and  
sung by Mrs. A. A. a Christian  
Lady condemned to dye for the Pro-  
fession of the True Faith.*

**L**ike as an armed Knight  
Prepared to the Field,  
With this World will I Fight,  
And Faith shall be my Shield.

Faith is that weapon strong  
Which will not fail at need,  
My Foes therefore among  
Therewith I will proceed.  
As it is kept in strength  
And force, in Christ his way.  
It will prevail at length  
Though all the Devils say nay.

Faith in the Fathers old  
Obtained Righteousness,  
Which maketh me so bold  
To fear no worlds distress.

I now rejoyce in Heart,  
And hope bids me do so,  
For Christ will take my part,  
And ease me of my woe.

Though say'st Lord, who so knock  
To them thou wilt attend,  
Open therefore the Lock,  
And thy strong power down send.

More Enemies I have  
Than Hairs to crown my Head,  
Let them not me deprave.  
But fight thou in my stead.

On thee my care I cast  
For all their cruel spight,  
I value not their hast  
For thou art my delight.

I am not one that list  
My Anchor to let fall  
For every drizzling mist,  
My Ship's substantial.

Nor oft I use to write  
In Prose, nor yet in Rhyme,  
Yet will I shew one sight  
That I saw in my time.

I saw a Royal Throne  
Where Justice should have sit,  
But in her stead was one  
Of moody cruel wit.

O'rewhelm'd was Righteousness  
As by a raging Floud,  
Satan in fierce excess  
Suckt up the guiltless Bloud.

Then thought I, *Jesu Lord*  
*When thou shalt Judge us all,*  
*Hard is it to record*  
*On these men what will fall.*

*Yet Lord I thee desire*  
*For what they do to me,*  
*Let them not tast the hire*  
*Of their Iniquity.*

*Divine Exhortations of Mr. R. S. in  
Prison for the Faith of Christ,  
written to a Virtuous Woman.*

O ye that love the Lord see that ye hate  
the thing that is evil.

**T**He God that giveth life and light,  
And leadeth into rest.  
That breaketh bonds, and bringeth out  
The Poor that are oppress'd.  
That keepeth mercy for the meek  
His Treasure and his Store,  
Increase thy life in perfect love  
Both now and evermore.  
That as thou hast begun to build  
In Faith and fervent love,  
Thou may'st be made a mighty Tower  
Which never may remove.  
That thine example may be shew'd  
Among all thine increase,  
That they may learn to live like thee,  
And pass their time in peace.

Thy

Thy Salutations that were sent  
I heartily retain,  
And send back seventy times as much  
To thee and thine again.

And now because I know the gift  
That thou dost value most,  
I send this little Book to thee  
A thing of little cost.

In hope thou wilt accept it well  
Although it be but small,  
Because I have no better thing  
To make amends withal.

For all the free and friendly deeds  
Which thy good will hath wrought  
In my necessity I give  
A thing that cost me nought.

Abstain from all ungodliness,  
In piety spend your days ;  
Continue not in any sin,  
Beware of wicked ways.

Hold fast your Faith unfeignedly,  
Build as you have begun,  
And arm your self with perfect Faith  
To do as you have done.



Let wicked men should mock at what  
You now have took in hand.  
You once leave the living Rock  
To build upon the Sand.

Beware of all Hypocrisy,  
Let nothing you deter,  
Nor cause you to renounce the Faith  
Of Christ your Saviour.

For if you keep the perfect path  
As I well hope you do;  
You shall be sure to have such shame  
As men can put you to.

For all that lead a godly life  
Will surely suffer loss,  
The World will hate and persecute  
And make them kiss the Cross.

shall be kill'd, saith Jesus Christ,  
Your sorrows shall not cease,  
And yet in your afflictions  
I am your perfect peace.

For in this World you shall have woe,  
Because you are unknown,  
And because you the world do hate,  
The world will love its own.

C

Be

Let

Be constant therefore to the Death,  
Against all their Decrees,  
And God shall surely fight for you  
Against your enemies.

Commit your cause unto the Lord,  
Revenge not any ill,  
And you shall see the wicked want  
When you shall have your fill.

What ere Afflictions you befall,  
Whatever they can do,  
Yet they that wealth can never gain,  
Which we attain unto.

For I have seen the sinners spread  
Their Branches as a Bay,  
And yet ere one could turn his head,  
Were withered quite away.

Let money never make your heart  
Presumptuously rise  
Against the goodness of the Lord  
Among the Worldly wise.

For it more mischiefs hath produc'd  
Than can be well exprest,  
And many evils it hath wrought,  
Hardly to be redrest.

For money maketh many a one  
'Gainst Heaven to rebell,  
And he that maketh Gold a God  
He hath his soul to sell.

It maketh Great men kill and slay,  
And wast the Earth with War,  
They often leave the Wolf at home  
And hunt the Fox afar.

And though they should see Justice done  
And People live at rest,  
Yet money often forceth them  
To see the poor opprest.

The Husband-man that money hath  
His work almost doth scorn,  
It will scare suffer him to sow  
Or cast abroad his corn.

The Husband he would have a Wife  
With Nobles new and old,  
The Wife doth wish the Husband dead  
That she may have his Gold.

Many sad Murthers it hath caus'd,  
And many bloody hands.

The Son sometimes the Father slays  
That he may have his Lands.

For though it necessary be  
And useful in its kind,  
It often times proves dangerous  
Unto a wicked mind.

'As he that playeth with the pitch  
His Fingers are defil'd,  
So he that maketh Gold his God,  
Will surely be beguil'd.

Be always friendly to the Poor  
And to the fatherless,  
'And still assist them at their need  
'Gainst those who them oppress.

In all your Deeds and Actions  
Mercy do you retain,  
With the same measure you mete, God  
Will mete to you again.

Be ever humble in your life  
Gods mercies always own.  
The highest Trees are seldom safe,  
And soonest overthrown.

The Lions lack and suffer sore  
With hunger and with thirst,  
And they that do oppress the Poor  
Continue still accurst.

The painful Bee but little is  
In body, or in sight,  
And yet she bringeth more increase  
Than either Crow or Kite.

Never forget that you must dye,  
Keep well your watch alway.  
Be sure of Oil within your Lamp,  
Let not your light decay.

For Death spares neither those that want  
Nor who abundance have.  
He treadeth down the Rich and Poor  
Together in the Grave.

Exhort your Children to be chaste,  
Rebuke them for all ill,  
And let them not in any case  
Be wedded to their will.

Let them not too familiar grow,  
To laugh with them forbear,  
Lest they at last do make you weep,  
But bring them up in fear.

And let your life be so exact  
That none may you suspect  
Guilty of those enormities  
For which you them correct.



In Meekness and in Modesty

Let all your deeds be done,  
That they which are without the Law  
May see how right you run.

Keep well your tongue within your mouth

Take care that it you tame,  
For out of little Sparks of fire  
There oft proceeds a flame.

And as the Poyson doth express

The nature of the Toad;  
Even so the the Tongue doth manifest  
The Heart that feareth God.

For therewith bless we God above

And therewith curse we men,  
And thereby Murders do arise,  
Through Women now and then.

Now since it so unruly is

Ore it still hold the power,  
And to prevent all mischief, keep  
A watch before the door.

I write these things, not 'cause I think

You guilty of the same,  
But to declare how sin in all  
We sharply ought to blame.

For Flesh and Bloud I know you are  
As other Women be:  
And while we dwell in Flesh and Bloud  
There is infirmity.

uth Receive a warning willingly,  
That to your face is told.  
Account this gift of greater price  
Than if I gave you Gold.

A wise Man, saith *Solomon*,  
Reproving will imbrace.  
A Fool will sooner ( as saith he )  
Be smitten on the face.

As your Affections must be dead  
To all things that are vain.  
Even so by Baptism you are born  
To live with Christ again.

Thus farewell true and faithful friend,  
The Lord that is above,  
Increase in you a perfect Faith,  
And lead you in his Love.

And as I do sincerely pray  
And pour out bitter tears  
For you and all at liberty,  
Abroad among the Briers.

Even so I pray you recommend  
My Person and my Bands  
Unto the everlasting God  
Who hath me in his hands,

That I may pass out of this world  
Wherein I am oppress'd,  
Inclos'd in a clod of Clay  
And can obtain no rest.

That as he hath begun in me  
His great Salvation,  
I may attain to overtake  
My Brethren that are gone.

That when Death shall have done his  
In Gods appointed place (worst,  
I may be able like a man  
To look Christ in the face.

For though Death may at length convert  
My Body into dust,  
Yet I am sure my Soul to God  
Will go, in whom I trust.

And though for his great name I should  
Happen to lose my Bloud,  
I shall receive it safe again  
When God shall see it good.

For my Redeemer I am sure  
Doth live for evermore,  
And sitteth high within the Heavens  
All Angels him adore.

Of whom I hope to have a Crown  
That always shall remain,  
And perfect rest and peace enjoy,  
Instead of woe and pain.

The God that giveth all increase,  
And seeketh Souls to save,  
Increase in you that perfect peace  
Which I do hope to have.

And I beseech the living Lord  
To hold you in his hands,  
And give you all the comforts I  
Experience in my bands.

Which I esteem of higher price  
Than Pearl or precious Stone,  
And will endure for evermore  
When earthly things are gone.

For though the Fire doth consume  
Our Treasure and our Store,  
Yet shall the goodness of the Lord  
Endure for evermore.

And since you are a friend to them  
 That are to Heav'n most dear.  
 The Lord of Heaven make you amends  
 When all men shall appear.

Who have shew'd mercy to the meek  
 And freed them out of pain.

The God of grace possess your Soul,  
 Till we do meet again,

*If you would have a recompence,  
 Continue in Obedience.*

## INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS CHILDREN.

**G**ive ear my Children to my words  
 Whom God hath dearly bought.  
 Lay up his Law within your hearts  
 And print it in your thought.

For I your Father have observ'd  
 The frail and filthy way  
 Which Flesh and Bloud are apt to go  
 Though they their Souls betray.

For



For all and every living Beast,  
Their Crib do know full well,  
But *Adams* Heirs above the rest,  
Are ready to rebel.

Yea all the Creatures on the earth  
Do easily keep their way,  
But Man above all Creatures else  
Is apt to go astray.

For earth and ashes is his strength,  
His glory and his gain.  
And unto ashes he at length  
Must sure return again.

All flesh doth flourish like a flower,  
And grow up like the grass,  
And is consumed in an hour,  
As dayly comes to pass.

In me your Image you may see,  
And thence learn not to trust  
In vain and perishing mortals who  
Are soon dissolv'd to dust.

For as you'll see your Fathers flesh,  
Converted into Clay,  
Even so shall ye my Children dear,  
Consume and wear away.

The

The Sun, the Moon, the twinkling Stars,  
That serve us day and night,  
The Earth and every earthly thing  
Shall be consumed quite.

Yea all the Glory of the World  
That ere was heard or seen  
Shall vanish and be quite consum'd,  
As it had never been.

That you may therefore follow me,  
Your Father and your Friend  
And may enjoy eternal life,  
Which never shall have end.

I leave you here a little book,  
For you to look upon,  
That you may see your Fathers face  
When he is dead and gone.

Who for the hope of heavenly things,  
While he did here remain,  
Spent all his youthful golden years  
In Prison and in pain.

And where among my Iron bands,  
Inclosed in the dark;  
Not many days before my death,  
I did compose this work.

For

For you mine heirs of earthly things,  
whom I shall leave behind,  
That you may read and understand,  
And keep it in your mind.

That as you shall be Heirs of what  
Will quickly wear away:  
Even so you may possess that part,  
Which never shall decay.

That following your Fathers steps  
In Truth and Christian Love,  
You may Co-heirs be with him  
In Blessedness above.

Who for example to your youth,  
To whom I wish all good,  
Do shew to you the way to Heaven,  
And seal it with my blood.

Have always God before your eyes,  
And in your whole intents,  
Commit not sin in any wise,  
Keep his Commandements.

Give Honour to your Mother dear,  
Remember well her pain,  
And recompence her in her years  
With filial Love again.

Be always aiding her at need,  
And let her not decay;  
Remember your dear Fathers gone  
Who should have been her stay.

Give of your portion to the poor  
As riches do arise,  
And from the needy naked Soul  
Turn not away your eyes.

For he that will not hear the cry  
Of those that are in need,  
Shall cry himself and not be heard  
When he doth hope to speed.

If God hath giv'n you great increase,  
And blessed well your store,  
Remember ye are put in trust  
To minister the more.

Give then a portion to the poor,  
In Money, and in Meat,  
And feed the fainting feeble Soul  
With what your selves do eat.

And when you hungry are your selves,  
And want cloths to your back,  
Be sure you do not those forget  
That food and rayment lack,

Take

Take heed of self-conceit and pride,  
Build not your nests too high,  
But always keep it in your thoughts,  
That you are born to dye.

Defraud not him that hired is  
Your labour to sustain,  
But give him always out of hand  
His penny for his pain.

And as you would that other men,  
Toward you should proceed,  
Do you the same to them agen,  
When they do stand in need.

Beware of foul and filthy lust :  
Let whoredom have no place,  
Keep clean your vessels in the Lord,  
That he may you imbrace.

Ye are the Temples of the Lord,  
For ye are dearly bought ;  
And they that do defile the same  
Shall surely come to noughr.

Ask Counsel always of the wise,  
To their advice attend,  
Do not refuse the sweet rebuke  
Of him that is your Friend.



Be thankful always to the Lord,  
In prayer and in praise;  
And him beseech, that he would you  
Direct in all your ways.

And be not like those brutish men  
Whose bellies being fed,  
Consume their years upon the earth  
At Table and in Bed.

Seek first, I say, the Living God,  
All things him mind before,  
And be assur'd that he will bless  
Your basket and your store.

And thus if you direct your waies,  
According to this book;  
Those that observe your deeds will say,  
That like to me you look.

And when you once have perfectly  
Even at your fingers ends,  
Learnt all these Precepts I have given;  
Then lend them to your Friends.

And I beseech the Living Lord,  
Replenish you with my grace,  
That I may meet you in the Heav'ns,  
And see you face to face.

And

And though death doth now cut me off  
Contrary to my kind,  
So that I cannot you enjoy  
According to mind,

Yet do I hope that when the Heav'ns  
Shall vanish like a scrole,  
I shall receive you all again  
In body and in Soul.

Now that you may at length arrive  
Into this Holy Land,  
Th' Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth  
Preserve you with his hand.

Farewell dear Children ; In this world  
You must a while remain :  
The Lord of Hosts be your defence,  
Till we do meet again.

Farewell my tender Loving Wife,  
My Children and my Friends,  
I hope in God to see you all ;  
When all things have their ends,

If you go on to serve the Lord,  
As you have now begun,  
You quickly will arrive at Heav'n ;  
You have not far to run.

God grant you so to end your lives,  
As he shall think it best,  
That you may enter into Joy,  
Where I do hope to rest.

Verses written at the request  
of a Lady in her Book.

**I**F you will walk the way  
That Christ hath you assign'd,  
Then learn this little verse  
That I have left behind.

Be fervent in the Truth,  
Although it bear the blame,  
And still apply your youth,  
To cleave unto the same.

That when Old Age shall come,  
And Death begins to call,  
The Truth may be your staff,  
To stay you up withal.

For though it cause rebuke,  
And bring you to the Cross,  
Yet it is a reward  
To all that suffer loss.

For here we do lay out  
The things that are but vain,  
But we are sure to reap,  
What always will remain.

All that we here do lose  
Is only filth and slime,  
Its like unto a Flower  
That tarrieth but a time.

But if ye follow Christ,  
And walk the perfect way,  
Ye shall possess that Gold,  
Which never shall decay.

And all your Fathers goods,  
Shall be your recompence,  
If you will serve the Lord  
With double diligence.

Not only for to hear  
His pure and holy word ;  
But likewise to endure  
Affliction, or the sword.

If you in this path keep  
And to the Lord still look,  
Then shall you meet the man  
That writ this in your book.

In that Eternal Joy,  
Which alwaies will remain,  
Then farewell faithful friend,  
Till we do meet again.

## To his Brother.

**A**S Nature doth me bind,  
Since thou art of my bloud;  
According to my kind  
I'll strive to do thee good.  
That thou mayst keep in mind  
How I have run my race,  
Although thou stay behind  
Yet for a little space.  
I send thee here Gods word,  
Which I on thee bestow:  
For which I lose my life,  
And leave all things below.  
For when I had obtain'd,  
This precious Pearl of price,  
I found that I had gain'd:  
The sure way to be wise.



It taught me how to live,  
And this world to despise;  
To follow the true Light,  
And to renounce all Lies.

That though my seed I sow  
In Bonds and bitter tears,  
Yet I should reap in Joy,  
To everlasting years.

And gain for all my loss  
My travel and my pain,  
A thousand times and more  
Of better goods again.

And now because the peace  
That ever hath been gain'd,  
And that the Lords Elect  
Have evermore obtain'd,

This Book doth comprehend  
Which I bestow on thee,  
Of which I have my part,  
As thou mayst plainly see.

In which I hope thou hast  
A stock likewise in store,  
Which thou wilt safe preserve,  
Till God shall make it more,

**66**      *Verses upon several*

Be very carefull still,  
That thou do keep it well,  
For if thou it dost lose,  
Thy Portion will be Hell.

And here I testify  
Befor the living God,  
I willingly submit  
To his chastizing Rod.

And as I am condemn'd  
To outward punishment,  
My heart is fixt on God,  
I am therewith content.

For since he doth me call  
To witness to the Faith,  
And justifie his Truth  
And what his good Word saith.

By his grace I resolve  
Since he will have it so,  
I'll strive with all my might  
Error to overthrow.

And in defence of Truth  
All dangers will out-face,  
Since I am well assur'd  
Jesus will me imbrace.

That those who hear that I  
Did combate valiantly  
For the True Faith of Christ  
May never fear to dye.

And though it be my lot  
My Foes should take my bloud,  
Yet they shall find it will  
Do them more hurt than good.

And now Dear Brother when  
Thou hear'st of my decease,  
Pray to the Living God  
That I may rest in peace.

And to my woful Wife  
And Widdow desolate,  
Whom I shall leave behind  
In very mean Estate.

With grief incompassed,  
And sorrows left alone,  
O be to her a stay  
When I am dead and gone.

My tongue cannot expresse  
The trouble of my mind,  
Nor yet my heaviness  
To leave her here behind:

Tha

But

But as thou art my Bone,  
My Brother, and my Bloud,  
So do not her deny

What e're may do her good;  
Though for the sake of Christ  
She now endure the Cross;  
If stedfast she remain  
She'l never suffer loss.

A Husband she hath lost  
Who was a Mortal man,  
Whose days were soon cut off,  
His life was but a span.

But she shall have a King  
To help her still at hand,  
And who her to assist  
His Angels will command.

Likewise my Daughter dear  
I recommend to thee,  
Not doubting thou wilt bring  
Her up in modesty.

That she may grow in Grace  
By thy paternal care,  
And learn to lead her life  
In the Almighties fear.

And still remember that  
Thy Brother being dead,  
Thou now art left to be  
A Father in his stead.

And now my Brother Dear  
And thou my Mothers Son,  
O lay aside all fear  
And do as I have done.

For God will thee assist,  
And so thy Faith increase,  
That though thou suffer death,  
Thou shalt have perfect peace.  
Rest without weariness,  
And Pleasure without pain,  
Where we shall meet with joy  
And never part again.

## Conclusion.

**O** Lord instruct me in thy Laws,  
That I my ways may mend  
And in thy Precepts walk always  
Ev'n unto my lives end.

And

D

Give



Give me an understanding mind,  
So I shall never start,  
But I shall keep all thy commands  
Sincerely from my heart.

Lord grant me courage to proceed  
In what I have begun,  
All my desire and delight  
Is in thy ways to run.

Incline my heart to thy right paths,  
And fix thereon my thought,  
And let me not consume my days  
To covet things of nought.

O quicken me by thy good Spirit,  
Let me the World despise,  
And from its fond and foolish Toys  
Turn thou away mine Eyes.

Plant in my Soul the word of Truth  
Which is to me so dear,  
And let thy Judgments awe my Soul  
And keep me still in fear.

Lord free me from the fear of wrath  
Which grievous is and sore;  
For all thy Judgments and thy Laws  
Endure for evermore.

Behold

Behold O Lord in thy Precepts  
Is all my whole delight,  
O quicken me in all thy ways  
That I may walk upright.

---

*The Panting Soul.*

**L**ord Jesus who shall give me wings  
Of Faith and perfect Love,  
That I may mount from earthly things  
And rest with thee above.

Where there are Joys both firm and fast  
Where no man can lament,  
But here be Toys which first or last  
All mortal men repent.

For sin and sorrow overflow  
Mortals, though ne're so high,  
Lord I can find no rest below,  
But up to thee I fly.

But yet the weight of Flesh and Bloud  
Doth so my flight restrain,  
That oft I wish, yet do no good,  
I mount and fall again.

Yet when this fleshly Fantasie  
 Is mastred by the mind,  
 I cry ; *Avoid all Vanity*  
*And Folly go behind.*

Lo thus sweet Lord, I fly about  
 In weak and weary case,  
 Much like the Dove *Noah* sent out  
 Which found no resting place.

My wearied wings, Lord Jesus mark,  
 And when thou seest it best,  
 Stretch out thy hand out of thine Ark  
 And take me to thy rest.

*The Angelick Anthem.*

Glory be to God in the highest, on  
 Earth peace, and good will toward  
 men. *St. Luke 2. 14.*

1. **A**LL glory be to God on high,  
 And peace on earth, good will to men;  
 This was the quire of Angels song,  
 At Jesus birth in *Bethlehem.*

*Subjects and Occasions.*

For then th' Eternal Son of God,  
 Became the Blessed Virgins Son  
 God manifested in the flesh,  
 To save mankind, else quite undone.

*Come let us magnify his name  
 With Angels and Arch-angels still,  
 And sing, all glory be to God,  
 And peace on Earth, to men good will.*

2. For by this work of God made man,  
 The Heavens and Earth have cause of joy,  
 The Heavens new glory have thereby,  
 The Earth doth heavenly peace enjoy.

And both from Gods good will to man,  
 For loe this blessed heavenly Child  
 Hath Adam and his race redeem'd,  
 And to his Father reconcil'd.

*Come let us magnify his name  
 With Angels and Arch-angels then,  
 And sing, all glory be to God,  
 And peace on Earth, good will to men.*

3. This Babe though in a manger laid,  
 Was yet the King of Glory born ;  
 And came from Heav'n man to save,  
 Who otherwise had been forlorn.

He is our only peace on Earth,  
 The Conscience *Pacifier* here,  
 He is our glory in the Heavens;  
 Our blessed *Gloryfier* there.

*Come then above all Creatures we  
 Should sing this Angels Anthem still,  
 All glory be to God on high;  
 And peace on Earth, to men good will.*

IV. But first from men on Earth below  
 Should glory mount to God on high,  
 Then God from heav'n, would shower down  
 To men on Earth abundantly (peace  
 For God being now at peace with man  
 Thro' Christ the Lord both God & Man,  
 The Heavens and Earth are likewise friends,  
 As 'twas when first the world began.

*Come let us magnify his name  
 With Angels and Arch-angels then,  
 And sing, all glory be to God  
 And peace on Earth, good will to men.*

V. O what transcendent Love was this  
 Of that great God to poor mankind,  
 When men and Angels both were faln,  
 God took Man up, left them behind.

And



And that man might be quit from Hell,  
And brought to Heavens glorious bliss,  
The Prince of Heaven man became,  
Was ever mercy like to this?

*Come then and let us praise his name  
With Angels and Arch-angels still,  
And give God glory in the highest,  
That shew'd to men such great good will.*

VI. To thee, O most Almighty Lord,  
Most holy glorious Trinity  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
In ever blessed Unity.

From Hearts and Souls and all our powers  
All glory, praise, thansgiving be,  
As in beginning was, is now,  
And shall be to Eternity.

For Christ the Lord, our Jesus born  
At time prefixt in *Bethlehem*;  
Let Heaven and Earth with all their Hosts,  
Come join with us, and say *Amen*.

### The Song of Simeon.

*Lord now lettest thou thy Servant depart in peace according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy Salvation, &c. St. Luke 2. 29. 30.*

I. **S**imeon was one who waited for  
Th' Messiah, Israel's Consolation,  
Whom he should see before he dy'd,  
As God had shew'd by revelation.  
And when the Virgin brought her Son  
To th' Temple to present him there,  
Simeon by motion of the Spirit,  
Came, praising God with joyful cheer.

*The Blessed Babe in's arms  
He gently claspt about,  
And then this swan like Song,  
Divinely warbled out.*

II. Lord since thou hast let me to see  
The Christ, thy promised Salvation,  
Which thou prepar'd'st, revealed to be  
Before the face of every Nation.

A saving light to th' Gentiles, who  
In darkness and Deaths shades did dwell,  
Thy glory and the way of peace;  
To thine own people Israel.

Now lettest thou thy Servant,  
Gracious and blessed Lord,  
Depart in peace and joy,  
According to thy word.

III. If Simeon seeing Christ a Child,  
(Just come i'th world for our Salvation  
That glorious work yet unfulfil'd,)  
Was wrapt with Joy and Consolation.

As disesteeming all beside,  
Not valuing living longer here,  
How Lord should I affected be  
That live in Gospel light so clear?

And who my Saviours Acts  
And sufferings plainly see,  
And know the benefits  
Thereof belong to me.

IV. Divine Peace-maker! how should I  
Adore thy mercy infinite,  
That God our Nature should assume,  
And to his Person it unite.

That he being God and man in one,  
 A Mediator might become,  
 To God for man, who else had perisht ;  
 And had been utterly undone.

*Most gracious Lord, how should  
 My Soul affected be,  
 At this thy wondrous Love  
 And great humility.*

V. That the Creator of the World,  
 ( For by thy word all things began )  
 Should yield a Creature to become,  
 And twice be made a sinful man.

Made of the Virgin, so to take  
 Our nature and Infirmities,  
 Made under th' Law, to undergo  
 Our load of sins and miseries.

*How then O blessed God  
 Should I affected be,  
 With this great work of Love  
 And mercy toward me!*

VI. That he to whom Heavens Powers did  
 And to him still were serviceable (how,  
 For wretches, should descend so low  
 As to be born within a Stable.

Should

Should be pursu'd by Tyrants rage,  
 Tempted by Satan ; made a scorn,  
 Betray'd, arraigned, and condemn'd,  
 Grievously scourg'd, and crown'd with  
*Nail'd to the Cross and then* (thorn.  
*'Twixt two Thieves crucified,*  
*Peirced even to the heart,*  
*Opprest in Soul beside.*

VII. Blest Jesus ! why shouldst thou indure  
 Thy Body, Precious, Innocent,  
 Yea sacred, holy ; by the hands  
 Of sinners to be torn and rent.

Could nought else expiate my sins ?  
 Why must these torments lye on thee ?  
 O wretched Soul thou didst offend,  
 Thy gracions Saviour pitied thee.

O let my heart then weep,  
 Even tears of bloud within,  
 For these thy sufferings  
 And for my grievous sin.

VIII. Dear Lord whose Love unalterable,  
 Caus'd thee to suffer this for me,  
 Inflame my heart with Love that I  
 With awful Love may worship thee.

*That*



That with repentant tears and heart,  
 Prostrate thy bleeding wounds before  
 My Lord thus crucifi'd for me  
 With humble Faith I may adore.

*That I may hate my self  
 For all my grievous sins,  
 Which did occasion these  
 Thy grievous sufferings.*

IX. O Let me pour forth streams of tears,  
 And hearty sighs of true contrition,  
 My sins and wickedness to bewail,  
 And my forlorn state and condition.  
 Which guilt and sense o'th wrath of God,  
 Desert of Hell and condemnation,  
 Do threaten, were not my hope fixt  
 On thee the God of my Salvation.

*'Tis thou, and thou alone  
 Blest Lord! canst succor me,  
 O save my sinful Soule  
 Which only trusts in thee.*

X. When Israel, in Moses time,  
 The Serpents wounded mortally,  
 The Brazen Serpent was lift up,  
 That who lookt on it might not dye.

Was

Was there such virtue in the Type,  
Of this thy Cross and Elevation ?  
How much grace doth thy precious Bloud  
Afford my Soul for its curation.

*Then let my humble Faith  
Alwaies cleave fast to thee,  
Sweet Saviour let us meet  
And never parted be.*

XI. When I look to this Cross of thine,  
Five victories my meditation;  
Observes to be archiv'd by thee  
For making sure of mans Salvation.

The Law of grace 'gainst that of works,  
Prevails to work my liberty,  
Against my sin thy self made sin,  
And righteousness wast made to me.

*Thou by thy precious death  
My death abolishing,  
Whereby from death to life  
Thou, Lord, my Soul didst bring.* (quer,

XII. The Prince of darkness thou didst con-  
That I Gods child might still remain ;  
And Hell it self didst overcome,  
That I Heavens blessedness might obtain.

Thus

Thus by thy precious Death and Passion,  
 My enemies were vanquisht quite ;  
 And from the Law I thereby freed,  
 And under grace brought, by thy might.

*Let this thy Spirit of grace*

*O Jesus ! govern me,  
 That I may dye to sin  
 And ever live to thee.*

XIII. That I may still divide my time,  
 Between true sorrow for my sins,  
 And praising of thy holy name,  
 From whence my hope of comfort springs.

And so by Faith being knit to thee,  
 Thy Spirit dwelling in my heart,  
 Soul of my Soul be thou to me,  
 And spiritual Life to me impart.

*That I by mystical  
 Injunction may be,  
 Truly ( though spiritually )  
 Made ever one with thee.*

XIV. Of which sweet union I am sure,  
 By th' Seals of thine eternal Love ;  
 Thy word of truth, thy Sacraments,  
 And Spirit of peace sent from above.

And

And so by mercy on thy part,  
Blest God! and humble faith on mine  
Thou hast betroth'd thy glorious self,  
To my poor Soul, and made it thine.

*One of thy own I am  
To be disjoyned never;  
But I shall live in thee,  
To thee, and with thee ever.* (tain

XV. Why then should mortal things de-  
Me in this vale of tears and sin,  
Whose whole desire with Simeon is  
To slight the world and all therein.

To leave this Robe of earth I wear  
That so my Soul may come to thee,  
Whose blessed will it is that where  
Thou art thy own should also be.

*Sweet Jesu call me then  
As soon as ere thou please,  
Into thy blessed hands  
Receive my Soul in peace;*

*When my appointed time  
And hour of change shall be;  
For which my wearied Soul  
Shall daily wait on thee.*

*The new Jerufalem or the Holy City  
above, Revel. 21. 22.*

**L**Eave, O my Soul, this vale below  
Which sin and sorrows overflow:  
Raife up thy thoughts unto that rest  
Which maketh Saints and Angels blest,  
Who altogether ever sing  
Their Hallelujahs to Heavens King.

There is the God-heads glorious throne  
More bright than thousand Suns in one,  
Where thy dear Saviour's glorified,  
That Body which was crucified,  
Now reigneth with the Deity  
In Sovereign blifs and Majesty.

That sacred head once crown'd with  
A Crown of glory now adorns (Thorns  
That hand which held a scornful Reed,  
Now weilds a Scepter full of dread  
Those feet once naild unto the Tree  
Ore death and Hell have Victory.

The



The Holy new *Jerusalem*

Is there prepar'd for upright men  
With walls of Jasper built four square,  
The length, breadth, depth, all equal are.  
Of twelve foundations precious stone,  
The twelve Apostles names thereon.

Twelve gates of Pearls, on each side three,  
Twelve Angels there attendant be,  
The streets pure gold, shine like the Sun,  
Thro' which the stream of Life doth run;  
From out the throne of glory flowing  
The Tree of Life on both sides growing.

Within this glorious habitation  
Enter the heirs of Salvation,  
The Lambs redeem'd, espoused wife,  
Whose names are writ i'th Book of Life:  
The Church Triumphant; there set free  
For ever from mortality.

There live those blessed troops of Spirits,  
In such great joys, and true delights,  
As ear can't hear, nor eye perceive,  
Nor th' heart of mortal can't conceive:  
Prepared by the Lord of bliss  
Before all worlds, for all of his.

Who

Who living here the life of Grace,  
 Are carried to that Glorious place  
 Where Jesus keeps a room for thee  
 That long'st for Immortality.  
 Wait his good hour, and waiting sing  
 Thy Hallelujahs to Heavens King.

---

## Mans Mortality.

**M**An unto whom each hour preacheth  
 That all Earths glory shall decay ;  
 And sees it mightier Creatures reacheth,  
 Yet trusteth still in brittle Clay,  
*So heavy is his Heart at ease*  
*To think of ought that may displease.*  
 Yea though his senses to him cry  
 All Flesh is Grass ; A Flower mans Pride,  
*'Tis true, saith he, but I shan't dye,*  
 Though it be true in all beside.  
*His reason, pleasure doth intral,*  
*He thinks Death never him will call.*  
 Though Death should be his Meditation,  
 Waiting for Immortality,  
 He slights the end of his Creation,  
 Believing Earths Eternity :  
*But Man ! thou must the Mortal leave*  
*E're thou th' Immortal Robe receive.*  
 Due thought of Death and Hell  
 Would sinful thoughts expel.

Who

Who so with careful thought  
Would ponder as he ought  
How fearful 'tis to flit  
From Bed to loathsome Pit,  
From Pit to endless Pain,  
For ever to remain  
Among the Damned Spirits  
Whose mercy never lights  
Would not commit one sin  
Though it the World might win.

As certain as it now is day,  
So sure it will be night anon,  
For time stands never at a stay,  
But now is here, and quickly gone.

Such is our life whose minutes spend,  
And every minute wasts the store  
Till all be out, and when they end  
We cannot live one minute more.

*What thing is that each man doth crave?*  
Contentment in his mind.

*What thing is that he ne're shall have?*  
Real content to find.

*What's cause of that?* He Heaven minds not,  
And seeks to gain what here he finds not.

Take from our life three parts of time  
What we idly spend, and nothing do,  
What we spend ill, in hated crime,  
And what us don't belong unto.

How little's left? How quickly told?  
Is spent in doing what we should.

Who living here the life of Grace,  
 Are carried to that Glorious place  
 Where Jesus keeps a room for thee  
 That long'st for Immortality.  
 Wait his good hour, and waiting sing  
 Thy Hallelujahs to Heavens King.

---

## Mans Mortality.

**M**An unto whom each hour preacheth  
 That all Earths glory shall decay ;  
 And sees it mightier Creatures reacheth,  
 Yet trusteth still in brittle Clay,  
*So heavy is his Heart at ease*  
*To think of ought that may displease.*

Yea though his senses to him cry  
 All Flesh is Grass ; A Flower mans Pride,  
*'Tis true, saith he, but I shan't dye,*  
 Though it be true in all beside.  
*His reason, pleasure doth inthral,*  
*He thinks Death never him will call.*

Though Death should be his Meditation,  
 Waiting for Immortality,  
 He flights the end of his Creation,  
 Believing Earths Eternity :  
*But Man ! thou must the Mortal leave*  
*E're thou th' Immortal Robe receive.*

Due thought of Death and Hell  
 Would sinful thoughts expel.

Who

Who so with careful thought  
Would ponder as he ought  
How fearful 'tis to flit  
From Bed to loathsome Pit,  
From Pit to endless Pain,  
For ever to remain  
Among the Damned Spirits  
Whose mercy never lights  
Would not commit one sin  
Though it the World might win.

As certain as it now is day,  
So sure it will be night anon,  
For time stands never at a stay,  
But now is here, and quickly gone.

Such is our life whose minutes spend,  
And every minute wafts the store  
Till all be out, and when they end  
We cannot live one minute more.

*What thing is that each man doth crave?*  
Contentment in his mind.

*What thing is that he ne're shall have?*  
Real content to find.

*What's cause of that?* He Heaven minds not,  
And seeks to gain what here he finds not.

Take from our life three parts of time  
What we idly spend, and nothing do,  
What we spend ill, in hated crime,  
And what us don't belong unto.

How little's left? How quickly told?  
Is spent in doing what we should.

F I N I S.



*The Excellency, Usefulness, and Harmony of Holy Scripture.*

**T**Hou, Lord, to me thy Word hast giv'n,  
Precious, and Pure, sweet, holy sure,  
To guide me thro' the world to Heav'n.

In all wants and necessities,  
Thy Wor'ds my store, heapt, running o're  
With plenty of most rich supplies.

Temptations, Terroures, Dangers, Fears,  
Those petty hells thy Word dispels,  
And all the way before me clears.

When Satan flings his Darts at me,  
Then, Lord, thy Word is shield and sword,  
To save me, and to make him flee.

The World presents its objects rare;  
But yet thy Word doth that afford,  
Which seems to me far costlier ware.

Then lust invites me to its pleasure:  
But to delights thy Word invites,  
Which far surpass in weight and measure.

Then errors their gumm'd wares display,  
But Scripture says, shun errors waies,  
Walk by my Rule; this is the way.

Thus when I'm tempted unto sin,  
By thy Words art hid in my Heart,  
Both battle and reward I win.

Yea though sins have defil'd my Soul,  
Thy Word can cleanse those noisom dens,  
Of lust, and sins best strength controul.

Have

Have I an unbelieving Heart?

Thy Word, Lord, hath Pow'r to work Faith,  
By thy most holy Spirit's art.

Have I an hard and stony Heart?

Thy Word thus deals, first breaks, then heals,  
That stone is cured by this smart.

Will not my frozen Heart comply?

Thy Word, thy Law that Heart can thaw,  
And change it for a weeping Eye.

Do Towering Thoughts possess my Breast?

Thy Word brings low the proudest Foe,  
And lays him level with the least.

Do muttering Thoughts rise and repine?

Thy Rod and Word teach Patience, Lord,  
And still these barking Thoughts of mine.

Am I Tongue-ty'd, and cannot pray?

Thy Word inspires praying Desires;  
Dumb Lips unseals; tells what to say.

When I in darkness err and stray,

Thy Word's a Light, most clear and bright,  
And leads me back into the way.

I'm foolish, simple, and want Eyes

Thy Word's Light, Rule, Master and School,  
Which makes the comers to it wise.

I see my self undone and poor,

Thy Word unfolds a Mine of Gold,  
A Pearl of Price, all riches store.

With God by Nature I'm at odds,

Thy Word my Soul Converteth whole  
From Satan's Service unto God's.

Do outward Troubles inward Grief  
My Soul torment? Thy Word is sent  
With comfort for my Soul's relief.

Am I perplext with doubts and fears?  
Thy Word of Grace resolves the Case,  
And so my clouded Judgment clears.

Or do despairing thoughts me take?  
Thy Word doth give me hopes to live,  
For Christ my dearest Saviour's sake.

Do multitude of thoughts me press?  
I call to mind thy Word and find  
Such comforts as my Soul refresh.

Can't I through weakness walk alone?  
Thy Word, Lord, is strength to my knees,  
And staff to stay my hand upon.

Thus though I thirst, faint, hunger, pine,  
Thy Word me feeds, in these my needs;  
Thy Word it self is Bread, Milk, Wine.

Thus though poor, scorn'd, forsaken, pin'd,  
Thy Word alone hath all in one,  
Health, wealth, friends, honour, all contain'd.

Thus though Soul-sick, and wounded sore  
With grievous sin, which doth begin  
To fester, rankling more and more.

Thy Word shews whence help may be had,  
And doth me guide, to Christ's pierc'd side,  
Whence flows the Balm of *Gilead*.

Yea though in me no life remain;  
Thy Word is good, and living food,  
Which fetcheth me to life again.

Would

Would I prolong this life for ever ?  
The Scripture shows whence Water flows ;  
Pure streams, which who so drinks dies never,  
The Lord be blest who thus provides,  
And filleth full my empty Soul,  
With food which ever more abides.

Bless God ( my Soul ) that thus hath given  
Strength, light, guide, way, lest thou should stray  
In this thy Pilgrimage to Heav'n.

This Book, these sentences, these lines,  
Each Word and Letter to me are better,  
Than Chains of Pearl, and Golden Mines.

'Tis Heaven transcrib'd, and Glory penn'd,  
God's mind no doubt, was coppied out,  
When he this Gift to Men did send.

'Tis Truth it self: God doth intend  
Man's word shall fall; Heaven, Earth, and all;  
But this shall never have an end.

My Soul admire that Hand and Quill,  
That did produce for Sinners use  
Th' eternal Mind, the Sovereign Will.

Adore the Author too, and when  
Thou canst not raise Sufficient Praise  
Sit down and wondring say A M E N.

*James 1. 21, 25. Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and  
superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the in-  
grafted Word, which is able to save thy Soul.*

The good Lord grant, that it may in all parts and points,  
and to all ends and purposes be such to thy Soul, as it is here  
set forth and described, or rather as it is in its self, viz. The  
Power of God to the Salvation of Souls.

Here



**H**ere is the Spring where waters flow,  
To quench the heat of sin :  
Here is the Tree where Truth doth grow,  
To lead our lives therein:

Here is the Judge that stints the strife,  
When Mens Devices fail :

Here is the Bread that feeds the Life,  
That Death cannot assail:

The Tydings of Salvation dear,  
Comes to our Ears from hence ;  
The Fortress of our Faith is here,  
And Shield of our Defence.

Then be not like the Hog that hath  
A Pearl at his desire,  
And takes more pleasure in the Trough,  
And wallowing in the Mire.

Read not this Book in any Case,  
But with a single Eye :  
Read not, but first desire God's Grace,  
To understand thereby.

Pray still in Faith, with this respect,  
To fructify therein,  
That knowledge may bring this effect,  
To mortifie thy sin.

Then happy thou in all thy life,  
What so to thee befalls :  
Yea double happy shalt thou be,  
When God by Death thee calls.

FINIS.



